

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,**  
March 18th, at Three. The programme will include Concert-Overture, in G (Joachim); Violin Concerto (Brahms); Symphony, in B minor, unfinished (Schubert); Duo-Notturne, "Bénédict et Béatrice" (Berlioz); Kaiser-March (Wagner). Vocalists—Mrs Hutchinson and Miss Hope-Glenn. Solo Violin—Herr Dr Joachim. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.**

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL.**—The LAST EVENING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY next, at Eight. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Santley, M<sup>me</sup> Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Damlan; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley, Mr Oswald, and the South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit Six to Stalls), £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 235, Regent Street.

**MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL,**

WEDNESDAY, March 29, at three o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Blandy, Miss Santley, and M<sup>me</sup> Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. The South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit Six to Stalls), £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 235, Regent Street.

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ON TUESDAY, MARCH 28th, 1882, AT THREE O'CLOCK,

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**MR SIMS REEVES** has the honour to announce that his LAST CONCERT, previous to resuming his farewell tour in the provinces, will take place, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY next, March 21st, at Eight o'clock. Artists: M<sup>me</sup> Patey, Miss Clements, and Miss Spenser Jones; Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Mr Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—M<sup>me</sup> Artabella Goddard (who has kindly consented to appear on this occasion). Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. The Anemone Union (under the direction of Mr Lazarus). Flute—Mr H. Nicholson. Oboe—Mr Malsch. Clarinet—Mr Lazarus. Horn—Mr T. E. Mahr. Bassoon—Mr T. Wotton. Pianoforte—Mr S. Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

**WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,**

ST JAMES'S HALL.—Herr Joachim, Miss Cantelo (her first appearance), and Miss Clara Samuelli, at the LAST CONCERT, SATURDAY Evening Next, March 25th. Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound," Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and Overtures, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, Walter Macfarren's *Hero and Leander* and *King Henry V.* (by desire). Band of seventy performers. Principal Violin—M. Saindon. Conductor—MR WALTER MACFARREN. Tickets at Popular Prices, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s.

**MR WALLWORTH'S BENEFIT** will take place at the ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE, on SATURDAY Morning Next, March 25, when "KEVIN'S CHOICE," an Operetta in Two Acts (Music by T. A. WALLWORTH), will be performed. Principal characters by M<sup>me</sup> Edith Wynne, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr H. Walsham, Mr Wallworth (who will appear on this occasion only), and Mr H. Pyatt. The Opera will be preceded by a CONCERT, in which Mr Joseph Maas (specially engaged), Mr Redfern Hollins, Mr J. T. Carodius, and other Artists will appear. To commence at Two o'clock precisely. Prices as usual.

**HERREN CARL WEBER (Pianoforte) and ALEX. KUMMER (Violin),** in connection with Monsieur B. Albert (Violoncello). FOUR CONCERTS of CHAMBER MUSIC, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, at the ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT ROOM, March 22nd, April 5th, April 19th, and May 3rd, at Eight o'clock precisely. Programme, First Concert.—Trio, in F, Op. 42 (Gade); Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor, for pianoforte (Sgambati); Fantasiestücke, for violin and pianoforte (Schumann); Quartet for strings, No. 5, in A (Mozart). Vocalist—M<sup>me</sup> Fassett. Subscription Stalls for the Four Concerts, £1 5s. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Tickets, 3s. and 1s. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 81, New Bond Street; and at the Royal Academy of Music.

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**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.** President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. Members are informed that the arrangements for March are as follows, viz.:—The 104th *Soirée Musicale* on Wednesday, 29th March, due notice of which will be given. The Second Concert (70th since formation of Society—Schumann's Compositions in first part of programme), will take place at the Langham Hall, on Wednesday, 19th April. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 214, Regent Street, W.

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## THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Continued from page 147.)

*A Winter's Tale* was followed by *The Hunchback* and *The School for Scandal*, both of which were acted and mounted with equal propriety, and on Monday, the 11th of October, *Hamlet* was produced in a very artistic manner. Mrs Warner, herself, did not disdain the part of Gertrude, and Ophelia was judiciously performed by Miss Huddart. The Hamlet of Mr Graham had many good points, and Mr James Johnstone exhibited no mean elocutionary power, as Claudius. Mr Belton was the Laertes, Mr Harvey, Polonius. Mr Henry Webb developed a rich fund of humour as the First Gravedigger, and all the subordinate parts were well filled. The *mise-en-scène* was of the most creditable description, and, in particular, the comings and goings of the Ghost were so ingeniously contrived as to make this revival, for the time being, quite the talk of the town. The Ghost itself, by the way, found an efficient, though rather youthful representative, in the person of Mr George Vining. *The Gamester*, *The Jealous Wife*, and *The Provoked Husband*, with Mrs Warner as Mrs Beverley, Mrs Oakley, and Lady Townly, respectively, were next given, in addition to *The Bridal*,—as Sheridan Knowles's not very felicitous alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's pathetic *Maid's Tragedy* was called—with Mr George Vining as Melantius, Miss Angell, Aspatia, and the Manageress, Evadne—a part which she might be truly said to have made her own.

On Monday, the 29th of November, an almost unique experiment was made in the revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *The Scornful Lady*, skillfully purified, and adapted to the modern stage, by Mr T. J. Serle. *The Scornful Lady* had not been seen in London, since March, 1746, when it was given at Drury Lane, for Mrs Wolflington's benefit—if we except a version under the title of *The Capricious Lady*, produced, for the celebrated Mrs Abington, at Covent Garden, in 1783. The heroine of this fine comedy is a lady—anonymous—who, from pride, conceals in public, the love which she really cherishes for her admirer, the Elder Loveless. Loveless having kissed her in the presence of company, the lady banishes him, for a year's travel in France. Apparently complying, he departs, leaving his house and estate to the care of a spendthrift brother, the Younger Loveless, who is under the surveillance, however, of his steward, Savil. The steward proves unfaithful to his trust, and mingles with the younger brother and his boon companions—a Captain, a Traveller, a Poet, and a Tobacco-man—in every description of wild revelry. Meanwhile the elder brother returns, disguised as a mariner, and introduces himself as a friend of the exiled lover, whom he describes as having been drowned at sea. This intelligence induces a usurer, Morecraft, to offer a sum of £6,000 to the prodigal, as the price of his brother's estate. The lady, meanwhile, has detected her lover's disguise, and retorts on his stratagem by affecting a willingness to console herself by accepting another suitor, Wilford. The Elder Loveless then declares himself, and the lady repeats her sentence of banishment. He retaliates by laughing at her, and the lady swoons. Worked upon by this, Loveless is unable to maintain his show of indifference. Whereupon the lady recovers, and overwhelms him with ridicule. He forthwith affects to abandon his suit altogether, and goes so far as to introduce Wilford, in the disguise of a woman, as the mistress whom he intends to marry. This last device brings the scornful lady to terms. She consents to an immediate union, and Wilford is compensated with the hand of her sister, Martha. There is also an amusing underplot—very coarse, in the original version—bearing upon the courtship of the Lady's curate, Sir Roger, and her waiting-gentlewoman, Abigail. The cast at the Marylebone was as follows:—

Elder Loveless, Mr Graham; Younger Loveless, Mr Belton; Wilford, Mr George Vining; Morecraft, Mr Harvey; Savil, Mr George Cooke; Sir Roger, Mr Henry Webb; Captain, Mr James Johnstone; Traveller, Mr Potter; Poet, Mr Saunders; Tobacco-man, Mr Rolfe; Abigail, Miss Charlotte Saunders; Martha, Miss Huddart; the Lady, Mrs Warner.

Everyone of these characters was thoroughly well played, and the *Scornful Lady* of Mrs Warner stood out, as a histrionic portrait, which will long remain a tradition in the annals of the modern stage.

The manner in which this fine comedy was mounted, re-

flected, no less than its presentment, the highest credit on the management. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were remarkable for their correctness, in a day when research and accuracy were so far less sought after, than is the case at the present time. The interiors, in which the action was laid, were all compiled from historical sources, and one truly magnificent scene, the Lady's Parlour, with its chimney-piece of white Carrara marble, china vases, clocks, and the *then* luxury—at 1610, the date of the play—of small carpets, was simply a marvel of completeness and refined taste. The grand old play proved worthy of its mounting, and was unanimously received, by a house filled to overflowing with artists, critics, and *litterati*, with every token of the most unqualified success.

*The Scornful Lady* ran up to Christmas, when an excellent pantomime, by Mr E. L. Blanchard, entitled *Eyes, Nose, and Mouth*, was brought out, with Tom Matthews, the acknowledged legitimate successor of Grimaldi, as clown. *The Lady of Lyons*, in which Mr George Vining performed Claude Melnotte, was given in January, 1848, and on the last day of that month, Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* was put up. Here, Mr Graham, as Sir Giles Overreach, had to measure weapons with Mr Gustavus Brooke, who, then in the first flush of his metropolitan fame, was playing the same character at the Olympic—and was not worsted in the encounter.

*The Wrecker's Daughter*, by Sheridan Knowles, with Mrs Warner in her original part of Marian, was the next revival, and, subsequently, Shiel's *Damon and Pythias*, Sothorn's *Isabella*, or *The Fatal Marriage*, and Lovell's beautiful play, *Love's Sacrifice*—with Miss Fanny Vining as Margaret Aylmer—were given, as well as a new fairy extravaganza, *The Enchanted Tower*, by Mr Charles Selby, in which the more juvenile members of the company were exhibited to advantage.

Mrs Warner now made another raid upon the Elizabethan Drama, and produced, on Monday, the 2nd April, Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, or, rather, tragic melodrama, *The Double Marriage*, with the subjoined cast:—

Juliana, Mrs Warner; Martia, Miss Fanny Vining; Lucio, Miss Charlotte Saunders; Ferrand, Mr Lacy; Violet, Mr Graham; Brissonet, Mr James Johnstone; Camillo, Mr Tindall; Rouvere, Mr Potter; Villio, Mr Henry Webb; Castruccio, Mr George Vining; Pandulpho, Mr Clifford; Duke of Sesse, Mr Johnstone; Ascanio, Mr Belton; Boatwain, Mr George Cooke; Master, Mr Howell; Gunner, Mr Saunders.

The story is as follows:—

Violet, a Neapolitan noble, plots with some friends to effect the downfall of Ferrand, King of Naples, but is betrayed by Rouvere, and concealed by his wife, Juliana, who, in consequence, is put to the torture. He is then liberated and sent on a maritime expedition. This brings the first act to a conclusion. In the second, Violet is captured by a proscribed Duke of Sesse—now turned pirate—brought on board his ship, and drawn into contracting a second marriage—unknown to her father—with the Duke's daughter, Martia. He escapes with his new wife in one of the ships boats, and is forthwith pursued by the pirates. The third act finds them all assembled at Naples; depicts the various phases of court-life, and the humours of a royal favourite, Castruccio, who has been given permission to assume, for one day, the robes and authority of the King. Next occurs a stormy meeting between Juliana, Martia, and Violet. A divorce is arranged between Violet and his first wife, but the second is simultaneously informed that her marriage must remain merely nominal. Meanwhile, the Duke and his band conspire to revenge themselves on Ferrand, Violet, and Martia, at once. At the beginning of the fourth act we find the pirates enrolled as guards in the service of the King. Martia visits Juliana for the purpose of insulting her, and threatens to be revenged upon Violet, for her disappointment. Juliana seeks Violet to warn him of his danger. Their interview is broken in upon by Martia, who disdainfully gives him back "his love, his vow," and then proceeds, with Rouvere, to sell her honour to the King, as the price of his assistance, in her scheme of vengeance. The Duke and Violet, in the meantime, have formed a counter-plot against Ferrand, and the latter assumes the dress of Rouvere in order to obtain access more easily to his sovereign, whom he intends to slay. But Juliana had also conceived the purpose of assassinating Rouvere, and, encountering her husband, wounds him mortally by mistake. The popular commotion, set on foot by the pirates, now grows higher, and in



the midst of it the King himself is killed by Sesse. Then lastly comes the terrible interview between the Duke and his infamous daughter, which is ended by the Boatswain stabbing the latter, and excusing the act thus:—

"I confess

That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?  
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,  
It could not make you innocent, had you done it;  
In me 'tis murder; in you 'twere a crime  
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!  
And in that love I did it."

This formed a striking and unlooked for *dénouement*, which brought the piece to a triumphant conclusion.

This play, re-arranged with much ability by Mr Serle, cannot be considered as amongst the author's best. As may be inferred from the above description, its plot has no lack of incident. But the incidents are over-crowded, and for the most part revolting, whilst the characters, from the weak-minded, vacillating Violet to the worthless Martia, are one and all repulsive, if we except the devoted and deeply-wronged Juliana, portrayed, on this occasion—especially in the torture-scene—with powerful and admirably sustained skill by Mrs Warner, who had been rarely seen to greater advantage. *The Double Marriage*, nevertheless, abounds in effective situations—Beaumont and Fletcher were complete masters of stage-effect—more particularly the scenes between Juliana, Violet, and Martia, which were followed with unmistakable interest by the audience. As a whole, however, the impression which it made was not equal to that of *The Scornful Lady*, though, as a theatrical curiosity—it had not been given in London since 1683—it was interesting to amateurs, and did not detract from, if it did not add to, the high reputation won by Mrs Warner for her management. The drama was superbly mounted, and the scenery of Mr Cuthbert, which included the deck of the ship—a very elaborate set—the Pirate Chief's cabin, an antique chamber in the palace, and a view of Naples, seen through a ruined archway, was universally admired.

(To be continued.)

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The concert given by this society in St James's Hall on Thursday evening, March 9, was one of decided interest, arising from the presence of novelty. Not that new works, *per se*, are entitled to rank as kindlers of interest. We have met with a good many lately that inspire a different emotion. On this occasion, however, something at least of sympathetic feeling was warranted by the contents of the programme, among which figured first and foremost a concert-overture, *Ossian*, by Mr F. Corder. The composer of *Ossian* was once a holder of the Mendelssohn scholarship, and is now engaged as conductor of music at the Brighton Aquarium, where he has done good service by carrying on, with success, an annual series of classical concerts. He belongs, it is said, to the most "advanced" school of modern musical faith and practice. He translates Wagner, professes to comprehend the ravings of Liszt, and with his little Brighton orchestra attacks their works in the most gallant manner. He is ambitious, too, in other matters, having composed two operas, a cantata, and an orchestral suite, besides *Ossian*, which was originally intended to prelude a lyric drama on the subject of *Fingal*. So much energy and daring bespeak a man who should be heard at once, since he will be heard sooner or later, and we may now assure any who recognize the duty, but are disposed to shrink from it, that *Ossian* is not the formless and incoherent thing which, taking note of Mr Corder's reputed sympathies, might have been expected. Happily, it is sometimes the case that our young composers belie in practice their enthusiasm for theories which, because they are new and affect to be progressive, captivate their undiscerning and inexperienced minds. Mr Corder, for example, has written an overture having very little in common with "progress" up to date. It is guilty here and there of exaggeration in point of style, and some cloudiness of expression, but it adheres mainly to recognized form; its themes are tuneful, as well as tinted with "local colour," and the general effect is one that commands attention. Definite judgment upon such a work after a single hearing would be absurd, but even a slight acquaintance serves to show that the composer's high aim is not entirely unwarranted by his resources. Let Mr Corder persevere. He may do something yet, and, should his faith and his practice diverge still more, the public, having the results of the one, will not greatly care about the other. Mr Corder conducted the performance, making a mistake in so doing. He is certainly not a

born *chef d'orchestre*, and his overture would have gained in the more experienced hands of Mr Cusins. The work was received favourably. A second novelty—Brahms's setting of Schiller's *Nänie*—proved to be a disappointment, made all the more decided by comparison with Hermann Goetz's lovely music to the same text. Herr Brahms is a thoughtful man, and may have some good reason for associating the German poet's lines with a long string of harmonic progressions very interesting in themselves, but just as interesting without words as with them. Be his reason what it may, we entirely fail to see it. It must be very profound, indeed, because the poetry has a decided character and is picturesque withal, standing, so to speak, a thousand miles away from music which resembles an experimental exercise in chords on a great organ. The *Nänie* of Brahms will certainly not extinguish that of Goetz, but rather make its pure and beautiful radiance shine the brighter. We cannot compliment the Philharmonic choir on their performance, which, however, we have no difficulty in excusing.

The third novelty was a scena, (MS.), "Che vuoi, mio cor," for contralto, with an accompaniment of strings. No particulars respecting this work were given in the programme-book, but we gather from the catalogue appended by Dr Julius Rietz to "Mendelssohn's Letters," that it was composed in 1824, when its author was only in his fourteenth year. This fact should clearly have been given to the Philharmonic audience, because, without it, they had a difficulty in understanding the weakness of the music. Doubtless, every bar written by a great composer should be accessible, but risk of misjudgment is always incurred when the important matter of date is kept back. As the work of a mere child, we can admire the contralto scena; as the work of a man—and a great one—it is not worth a thought. It naturally derived immense advantage from the singing of Mdme Patey; but even that excellent artist failed to breathe into it the breath of life. There are no miracles now-a-days. Last of the unwonted array of unfamiliar things at this concert came a contralto solo and chorus, "The Water Nymph," by Herr Rubinstein. Here the Russian composer presents himself, as Agag did to Samuel, "delicately," not as a "son of thunder," nor with the smallest disposition to the Erles vein—"the vein to tear a cat in, to make all split." "The Water Nymph" is a very pretty and attractive piece, with an expressive solo, most beautifully sung by Mdme Patey, charming choral passages, and all the glamour of muted strings and mysterious orchestration. It met with great favour, and received thus no more than its due. The rest of the programme comprised the "Eroica" symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played in his old and often-engulphed manner by Herr Joachim, and the overture to *Jessonda*.—D. T.

COLOGNE.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Der Dämon*, has been well received at the Stadttheater. On the first two nights, the composer himself conducted.

BRUSSELS.—First produced in 1853, at the Paris Théâtre-Lyrique, and then, after being remodelled and abridged, performed at the Opéra-Comique, Grisar's *Amours du Diable* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It will probably not remain long in the bills.—The following works will constitute the programme of the Musical Festival to be given in August at the Palace of the Fine Arts: "Alexander's Feast," Handel; an Overture, Beethoven; *Requiem*, Johannes Brahms; a composition (not yet definitely selected), Benoit; and another (ditto), Samuel. Kraus and Faure, soprano and barytone, are in the list of vocalists.

NEW YORK.—Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer's concert, at Chickering Hall, took place on Saturday night, Feb. 18. There were many popular attractions elsewhere, but the hall was nevertheless well filled. That Mdme Bohrer played well "goes without saying." She received able assistance from the famous artist, Mdme Anna Bishop. There was much of interest in the concert; but to the lovers of music there was an attraction in the singing of Mdme Anna Bishop entirely distinct from the rest of the programme. The appearance of this great artist suggests the reflection that the singers of to-day would do well to listen to her, and to seek to imitate her method. That her method is perfect there can be no doubt, and it is indisputable that Mdme Anna Bishop, after singing in every part of the world, can afford to smile at the efforts of her followers, who were not born when she was at the highest of her fame. She sang "With verdure clad" (*Creation*) with the expression of an experienced artist. There were, of course, occasional lapses; but, on the other hand, there were beautiful vocalization and some genuine soprano notes that it was a delight to listen to. It was interesting to hear her, and confirmed the theory that artists good in youth will never offend critical taste though years or sickness may impair their original powers.—Abridged from the "New York Times."

## FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

## RECITATIVE.

(Continued from page 148.)

Recitative is in its nature without form. It is without the rhythm of parallel phrases and is rhythmic only in the sense that each individual bar has its accent, both primary and secondary, and that each individual phrase or section is complete. It has key-form only in the sense that each key is made complete and clear before another is touched. It has form of idea only in the sense that each phrase is clearly stated before another is suggested, and that in some cases the instrumental interludes form connecting links between the phrases of the voice, and are expressive of the poetical thought. Beyond this, musical form is absent from recitative. Everything hangs on the declamation; on the accent or value of each word and the meaning of each sentence. It is the music of the orator rather than of the poet, and may be called *prose in song*, as ordinary rhythmic music is *verse in song*.

Varieties of recitative may be reckoned under three heads: speaking recitative, accompanied recitative, and recitative in time.

The distinction between the two first kinds lies chiefly in the accompaniment. In old times the written accompaniment of speaking recitative was nothing more than a bass note filling up the time of, perhaps, several bars, then changing to another, perhaps, for several bars more. An unbroken chain of tradition from Handel, through Joah Bates and Sir Geo. Smart, tells us that this by no means represented the part to be played on the harpsichord, which was the usual accompanying instrument, but was a sort of shorthand or memorandum from which the player was to fill up as seemed best. Thus the harpsichord-player was to "sprinkle" chords at the points which require emphasis; sometimes on an important word, but more often in the rests of the voice, so as to mark the commas, semicolons, and full-stops of the words.

In such a way is the accompaniment of the short recitative in Handel's *Messiah*:

Ex. 138.

There were shepherds a - bid - ing in the fields, Keep - ing

Sua bassa.

watch o - ver their flocks by night.

The harpsichord, or cembalo, had even less power of sustaining sound than the pianoforte, therefore it was impossible for these accompaniments to have been played as they were written.

A partial indication of the manner of filling up these memoranda is at the end of the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye," in *The Messiah*. In this, the band, having had the accompaniment throughout, keeps it when the voice breaks into speaking recitative, and the chords are written as to be played, viz., single crotchets with rests.

In some music the chords accompanying speaking recitative have been written as short notes, but still something has been left unexpressed for the player to regulate with his own intelligence, namely, that the chords were written on the accents of the bars though they were to be played in the manner described above.

Of late years the chords have been written in the place where the composer intended them to be played, whether after or on the accent of the bar, as the following example from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* will show:

Ex. 139.

Sing ye praise, give ye thanks, Pro-claim a-loud His goodness.

Accomp.

In old times, that which was called accompanied recitative had the band for its accompaniment—not the harpsichord. This gave

more importance to the accompaniment, which was written of old as it is now, in full; and instead of the simple chords which accompanied the speaking recitative, interludes of interest and expression appropriate to the words were brought in between the vocal phrases. These were necessarily in time, though the time of the vocal phrases still remained, as it does now, at the will of the singer.

The third kind, recitative in time, was, and is now, frequently interchanged with the other kinds. This is not free as to time, but it retains the characteristic declamation and the absence of rhythm of phrases, and, as a consequence, becomes tedious if carried on very long.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

## E. D'ALBERT IN VIENNA.

Last Sunday, after a seven weeks' pause, the Philharmonic Society resumed their Orchestral Matinees with this programme: Mozart, Symphony in C major (composed in 1783 at Linz); D'Albert, Pianoforte Concerto in one movement (new), performed by the Composer; and Berlioz, Symphony, *Harold en Italie*. The selection of Mr d'Albert's novelty was, as it were, a piece of improvisation, to fill up a gap occasioned at the eleventh hour, so to speak, by a message from Herr de Swert, who should have played a new violoncello concerto of his own composition, saying he could not attend. It is necessary to premise this, because generally we should be obliged, on principle, to protest against such items in a programme as the Pianoforte Concerto above mentioned. Mere pupils' efforts, no matter what talent, accomplishment, and readiness they may exhibit, are out of keeping in the scheme of the Philharmonic Concerts, the object of which is, above all things, to cultivate the classical element, that is, what is artistically thoroughly mature. E. d'Albert, however, the composer of the Pianoforte Concerto we recently heard, is yet a learner; he is only seventeen—from his appearance he might be taken for still younger—and he is said to have been no more than fourteen when he wrote the oft-named Concerto. If we consider his youth, and not what he has done, as something of itself, (which, as we have said, is not the proper standard to be adopted in the case of the Philharmonic Concerts), we must certainly wonderfully admire the Concerto less on account of its thematic fancy—for among the leading thoughts the very graceful second melody alone is entirely the young composer's own, the first theme belonging to the most hackneyed phrases of the Mendelssohn-Schumann school (let anyone only call to mind the commencement of Schumann's A minor concerto and Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte*, 5th book, in G minor), while towards the conclusion Richard Wagner is most evidently copied—than on account of the lightness, certainty, and jauntiness with which it is all put together; on account of the spontaneous and uniformly continuous current with which the stream flows on from beginning to end. There speaks from out the novelty the most amiable affection and love for composition, the most genuine enthusiasm for the noble play of tone—factors which of themselves are guarantees of a certain amount of talent, which in this case only critical short-sightedness or intentional ill-feeling could overlook. Young d'Albert's gifts are displayed much more strikingly as a reproductive artist, as a virtuoso on the piano; the tender lad, with his frank open look, really expands to man's full growth when he touches the keys; such impetuous zeal, nay, enthusiasm, inspires, lends wings to, and heightens his powers of execution, already very considerable, though now and then—as is only natural—too youthfully precipitate, and his brilliant bravura. His appearance at the Philharmonic concert recalled to our mind in many respects the early fulminating feats before the public of Carl Tausig, who died so soon; whether in d'Albert's case, as in Tausig's, the gold will gradually be purified from the dross, the frothing be changed to generous, clear wine, is something the future must decide. The young Anglicised Frenchman, who enjoys in London the tuition of that esteemed virtuoso and pianoforte teacher, Ernst Pauer, but for some weeks has been the guest of Hans Richter here, was rewarded by most of the audience with loud applause, which we cordially endorse as well deserved by the sympathetic musical Hotspur—in so far as he receives it not as unreserved appreciation of what he absolutely did in his double capacity of composer and executant, but as kindly encouragement to him to continue his fresh and joyous work of creating, or rather, of learning, more.—*Wiener Signale*, 4th March.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—According to the returns prepared for the general meeting of shareholders in the New Theatre Company, the total receipts amounted to 1,314,566, and the expenditure to 1,295,254 marks, leaving a surplus of 19,312 marks.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 94.)

We see by the above reminiscences of an artist who was born in Florence, and who, being himself mixed up with the musical life of the town, was in a position to know and appreciate things, that Cherubini's first masters were not unworthy of their pupil's high intelligence. It is certain that his first steps were so guided as to set him in the right path, and that vigorous and solid instruction prepared him for profiting by the noble and powerful faculties which Nature bestowed on him; consequently, after only four years' study, spent under the direction of the two Felicis, he came out as a composer with an important work—a four-part mass with orchestra (in D), which was performed in one of the churches of Florence. This was in 1773, and Cherubini was, therefore, barely thirteen. A fact like this, which would be remarkable at any time, was particularly so at an epoch when musical instruction, especially in Italy, was singularly imperfect and laborious—not from the fault of the masters, but from that of the methods of teaching, or, rather, from the absence of any method at all, the systems followed being entirely empirical. With reference to this, Picchianti, whom I quoted above, has drawn a curious and sometimes striking picture of the manner in which musical studies were then conducted there. The fragment is too full of interest, and the facts adduced by the writer are too little known for me not to think myself bound to reproduce it here:—

"The reading of music," says Picchianti, "was always taught through the medium of *soffeggio with nuances*, or according to the pretended system of Guido d'Arezzo; \* modern modality was mixed up and confounded with the ancient modality of plain-song; no exact rule, no appropriate mechanical exercises had been devised to facilitate the study of the harpichord; nor had harmony reached the point where we behold it to-day, when it is presented to us as a systematic science. Despite the impetus given in the opening years of the century to the new theory of music by the celebrated Rameau, and subsequently by various illustrious Italians, the theory still remained enveloped in the physical phenomena of sound, and continued to be based upon calculations and geometrical demonstrations referring only to the mathematical determination of the number of vibrations that is, of the volume or other elements of the sonorous body, whence it resulted that such and such intervals were admissible in musical compositions. The sensations produced by hearing these intervals had not yet been made the object of philosophical observations, and no one had got so far, by logical analysis, as to determine their homogeneity, and modal relations, from which flows principally the affinity which should always be present in music between different sounds, successive or simultaneous. Theory being in this state, and absolutely unable to offer clear and sufficiently developed rules for the study of harmony and modulation, blind practice was substituted for it. The consequence of all this was that the art of counterpoint was encumbered with a host of observations and rules each of which, invariably deduced from particular cases and not from general principles, gave rise to a host of exceptions. To succeed in mastering all the rules and the aggregate of all the exceptions, the student was obliged to go through a long and fatiguing process; he had to compose examples of counterpoint, first simple and then with certain artifices, both above and below a melody in plain song, the master making him write a single part and then combine in various manners six, seven, and eight real parts, with all scholastic and pedantic rigour. It was indispensable for the pupil to go through each of the eight tones constituting the ancient system of modality, before proceeding to the study of the fugue, in which he had to introduce in the most ingenious fashion all the grand artifices of double, triple, and quadruple counterpoint, simple, contrary, or reversed motion, as well as *strette* and canons. When these immense obstacles had been surmounted and the pupil had learnt to compose correctly such calculated productions of art, he was con-

\* As we are aware, this barbarous system was based, not on the gamut of seven notes, but on the combination and irregular agreement of the hexachords, which, as their name indicates, comprised only six notes, and were mixed up with each other in the most extraordinary fashion. In solmising by nuances, the seventh note, B, did not exist. More than a century of persevering efforts, and the expounding of a host of systems by intelligent French, Flemish, and German theoreticians was required to supersede this plan, at one and the same time illogical, difficult, and ridiculous, and replace it by the employment of the modern gamut, so rational and clear. We see that, as regards *soffeggio*, Italy, even at the end of the eighteenth century and at the full height of her great musical glory, was still following the old ways.

sidered an accomplished artist, and as a doctor of music bade farewell to the school. Next, taking for models contemporary composers, he was bound, for a considerable period and with the assistance of advice now and then from his master, to learn how to treat musical compositions according to the forms of the day, which were very dissimilar to those he had been taught, and then, subsequently, he had to grope his way in the dark and endeavour to assimilate a few instrumental effects.

"These mediæval remains of scholastic empiricism possessed such vitality in Italy that they survived to nearly the commencement of the nineteenth century except in a single town, Naples, in the conservatories of which various highly important reforms affecting musical education had been effected, especially in the exercises indispensable for learning harmony, counterpoint, and every part of composition. The new style and new forms contained in the works of Leo, Pergolesi, Vinci, and Jomelli were the result; but the new scholastic systems remained still ignored by the musical republic, though rather perhaps from indifference than in consequence of any jealous monopoly."

The above details show us how difficult it was to acquire a sound musical education in Italy when Cherubini was pursuing his studies, and how extraordinary it was that a mere child like him—only thirteen—should have been able, after working no more than four years, to write such a work as a multipart mass with orchestral accompaniment. As the manuscript has disappeared I cannot estimate the value of this composition, but it certainly could not have been entirely devoid of interest, since it was publicly performed in one of the churches of Florence, and since, in the course of the five subsequent years, the child-artist, encouraged by the reception awarded to his first essay, wrote sixteen other works in various styles, all of them obtaining the honour of performance.† We must not, however, exaggerate the importance of these juvenile works; interesting they undoubtedly were, if we take into consideration the tender age of him who wrote them; they were, too, correct; but, as regards their bearing the impress of individuality and genuine inspiration, a good judge, who cannot be accused of hostility towards one whom he loved and revered like a father, shall tell us what was the true state of the case. Halévy, who, after his master's death had the curiosity to render himself acquainted with the latter's early essays, which Cherubini had concealed from every eye, expresses himself thus about them:

"I saw, on going through them, that it was, as it were, out of respect for himself and from a desire to spare these early works, that he had kept them from all eyes. Everything in them announced the intelligent child brought up in a good school and nurtured on good precepts, but nothing indicated the genius which was destined to be revealed at a later period; the Cherubini who had become illustrious was anxious about his reputation as a child, and fearful of injuring the glory of the Cherubini of thirteen; it was a sort of not unbecoming and pardonable coquetry."

Cherubini's earliest compositions were, therefore, what they ought to be, what such compositions are when written by young musicians who have received a sound education; essays doubtless deserving encouragement and attention, but devoid of originality. What rendered them really interesting was the fact of their being the work of a mere child, who was evidently endowed with exceptional aptitude, and who seemed to promise one day to turn out a master. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, destined to become afterwards Emperor of Austria, saw this. That wise and enlightened Prince, who appeared to be a descendant of the Medici, and whose reforms, dictated by a benevolent and liberal spirit, had in a short time made of Tuscany "the diamond of Italy," employed himself in fostering with intelligence not only commerce and trade, but likewise literature and the fine arts. Young Cherubini was pointed out to him as an object eminently

† I read in the Notice dictated to Beauchesne: "Cherubini composed successively, from 1773 to 1778, seventeen pieces, comprising masses, interludes, psalms, oratorios, and separate airs, all performed with equal success in the churches and amateur theatres of his native town." The catalogue of his works, scrupulously drawn up in two forms by himself, mentions among his early compositions two other four-part masses with orchestra (both in C): a cantata, *La Publica Felicità*, composed in honour of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and performed in the Cathedral; an interlude, entitled *Il Giocatore*, written for a private theatre; a "Miserere;" a "Magnificat" and a four-part motet with orchestra; two two-part "Lamentations," with orchestra; an oratorio performed in the church of San Pietro; a four-part "Te Deum," with orchestra, &c., &c.



worthy of his kindly patronage, and it was not long before the latter was exerted for the boy's advantage. Cherubini had conceived the idea of terminating his musical studies in a thoroughly practical manner under a master then celebrated throughout Italy, namely, Giuseppe Sarti, resident at Bologna. But Cherubini's father, burdened with a numerous family, whom it was only with great difficulty he managed to support by the exercise of his art, had not the means of sending his son to Bologna, and defraying his expenses for several years. The Grand-Duke took this task on himself, allowing out of his privy purse the young artist a pension, which enabled him to repair to the master whose pupil he was ambitious of becoming, and to live there as long as necessary. Thanks to this favour, of which he was in every respect worthy, Cherubini was enabled to go to Sarti, and started for Bologna towards the beginning of the year 1778.†

(To be continued.)

#### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The closing performances of this company at Her Majesty's Theatre called for no special remark, but it would be wrong to let Mr Carl Rosa's season pass without some words of review. In the first place the enterprise supplied English lovers of opera not only with that article in their own language, but under conditions of excellence approaching in many respects, in a few even transcending, those hitherto monopolised by opera in Italian. For many years native and naturalized lyric drama in the metropolis has so existed as to make necessary the most abject apologies from its friends for the offence of continuing in life at all. Its career has been of a fitful and vagabond character: here to-day, gone to-morrow; picking up stray crumbs of patronage anywhere, and always presenting a more or less shabby, down-at-heel appearance. Without Mr Carl Rosa it would have died long ago. He, unwearied by labour because never out of hope, has worked for it "through evil and through good report"—principally evil—and now we have seen opera in English not only lodged in the home of the foreigner, but commanding a degree of attention and exerting a measure of influence before unthought. Who can tell where this development will stop? or whether Italian opera in London is not destined to encounter a rival even more formidable than the German enterprise which threatens to come upon us like a flood? The issue depends, perhaps, upon Mr Rosa, who has the faith which proverbially moves mountains, and the perseverance that uses one position gained simply as a point of vantage from which to capture another. We do not know how the manager's confidence in his cause could have been better shown than by the luxury and completeness with which, during the season just ended, he put Balfe's *Moro* and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* upon the stage. The lavish outlay upon these works may, indeed, have appeared superfluous and extravagant to some witnesses. But Mr Rosa knew perfectly well what he was about, and is rightly credited with having looked beyond the present to the future which his shrewdness is shaping. Every penny spent in making his stage equal to that of Italian opera was a seed dropped into the ground to spring up and bear fruit at no distant date. Opera, however, is not dresses and decorations, which, however important, are only accessories. It must stand, if at all, by musical merit, a fact ever, we may be assured, kept before his eyes by Mr Rosa. Here a provider of opera in English faces his greatest difficulty. Till the other day, when the Royal Academy of Music established a class for the training of students in lyric drama, managers had to choose performers from raw or irregularly-prepared material. Their artists absolutely educated themselves—if they may be said to have done so at all—before the public, who, wearied by incompetence, became more and more inclined to regard English opera as impossible. This state of things is illustrated, even at the present moment, by the personnel of

Mr Rosa's troupe, with its considerable proportion of Americans, and we may justly wonder that the foreign element does not enter yet more largely into its composition. But we see the greatest reason for surprise, under circumstances so adverse, in the high average excellence of Mr Rosa's people. A company, including Miss Gaylord, Miss Yorke, Miss Burns, Mr M'Guckin, Mr Packard, Mr Leslie Crotty, Mr Snazelle, and others whose names will readily suggest themselves, is one by no means to be despised either for its capacity or for the assurance it gives that English opera may enjoy all the advantages derivable from genuine talent. How much the season at Her Majesty's gained by the accession to the company of Mdme Valleria is obvious, and it may be that the enlisting of so able an English-speaking artist into Mr Rosa's ranks marks the beginning of a new and important development in the history of his enterprise. Mdme Valleria, by her charming impersonations, was a mainstay of the season—she, in turn, reaping enormous benefit from an opportunity of showing powers the existence of which only close observers of her previous doings may have seen reason to suspect. Mdme Valleria, we understand, has been specially engaged for a certain number of representations during Mr Rosa's next provincial tour. This is well, because the result must be to strengthen the position of the English lyric stage in all our great towns. A word should, in simple justice, be given here to the orchestra, which proved one of the chief attractions of the season, and also to the intelligence and skill of Mr Betjemann, who justified his position as stage manager by an almost unheard-of feat. He actually contrived to make an opera chorus exhibit signs of an intelligent interest in the drama they helped to play. That Mr Randegger suffered in health from the excessive anxiety and labour incidental to his position as conductor, was unfortunate. He attempted too much; but in all he did great skill came to the aid of intense earnestness, and the two made their rightful mark. Mr Randegger is one of the few good conductors we have amongst us, and must henceforth be careful to reserve himself for special occasions. How ably he was assisted during the season by Mr Pew and by Mr Rosa, whose appearance with the *bâton* always gave the signal for an "ovation," frequenters of Her Majesty's well know.

It would be superfluous to pass in review the performances that closed on Saturday night; and unjust to reproach the management with not having met every pledge given in the prospectus. Amateurs, no doubt, anticipated *Benvenuto Cellini* with great interest and pleasure; but in the degree of their reasonableness is their present discernment of sufficient cause for disappointment. There may be no limit to a man's purposes, but there is a very decided one to his means of carrying them out when they are in excess. As to the objection that *Benvenuto Cellini* should have taken precedence of Balfe's *Moro*, we need only remind those who make it that Mr Rosa is a manager of English opera, and would have laid himself open to inevitable and not unjust reproach had he allowed his season to pass without striking a blow for English art. In future years, it may be, he will do even more than produce a work written years ago for another stage than ours. There are composers rising amongst us who give promise of ability to justify and reward practical encouragement. Mr Rosa is the man to see this, and to act upon it with the large liberality that distinguishes him. In such a case substantial results may follow, and future historians of music in England may have to record the growth of a native opera from the seed sown with so much patience and perseverance by a German who succeeded in winning the English heart.—D. T.

MOSCOW.—The principal works composing this year's repertory at the Russian Opera have been: *Life for the Czar*, Glinka; *Eugen Onegin*, Tchaikowsky; *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; *The Princess Ostroffsky*, Wjasemsky; *Count Stulin*, Lischen; and *The Power of the Evil One*, Seroff.

GEORGETOWN (DEMERARA).—The concert promoted by Mr Colbeck, organist of Christ Church, which took place in the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 21st, was an unqualified success. To particularize the artists, is to break through the trammels of custom in treating of amateur entertainments; but, although we refrain from doing so in the case of the three ladies who specially distinguished themselves, the vocal excellence displayed by the Rev. W. G. G. Austin, and Mr J. A. Dalziel, must be our excuse for mentioning their names. Taken altogether, the performance was of a character seldom attained outside of professional circles. An amateur theatrical entertainment in the Philharmonic Hall, on the night of February the 16th, was largely attended; and the artists, most of whom are prominent members of a local society, sustained their parts with grace and spirit. The "Lacy Town Crèche," for whose behoof the performance was given, will doubtless be in receipt of a handsome sum as the result of the entertainment.—*The Colonist*.

† Though generally very exact in his statement of facts, Picchianti is guilty of an error in connection with this journey. In opposition to most of the biographers, he asserts that it was to Milan that Cherubini went to place himself under Sarti. Now the latter was not then in Milan, but still in Bologna. I have as a certain proof of this a note which I find in the chronological catalogue drawn up by Cherubini of his works. The first piece inscribed under the date of 1778 is a four-part antiphony (*Montes y Colles*), the title of which is followed by the remark: "At this epoch I was at Sarti's school, in Bologna." He stopped there with his master till 1779, for it is not till the first piece composed by him that year that I find this other note: "In Milan." He must, therefore, have lived a whole year in Bologna, and that was evidently the town to which he went on leaving Florence.

## ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON  
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1882,  
At Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "The river sings" (Cohen)—Mr Abercrombie; Ballade, in G minor, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Tartini)—Herr Joachim; Song, "The Herdsman's Song" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Abercrombie; Trio, in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mlle Marie Krebs, MM. Joachim and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 18, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3 (dedicated to Count Rasumowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mme Norman-Néruda (her last appearance this season), MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Sonata, in G sharp minor, "The Moonlight," for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mme Schumann; Song, "Herbstlied" (Franz)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (Brahms)—Mme Schumann and Mme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Quand tu chantes bercée" (Gounod)—Miss Carlotta Elliot—violin and violoncello *obligato*, Signor Piatti; Serenade Trio, in D major, for violin, viola, and violoncello, repeated by desire (Beethoven)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

\* \* \*

One summer evening languorous and mild,  
I dreamed among the melancholy firs  
That I was gazing on that face of hers  
The little lips whereof unclosed and smiled.

And I had kissed her mouth but for the spell  
That holds the dreamer bound as if in death.  
And while I gazed with eager panting breath,  
The long dark lashes of her eyelids fell;

And, like some flower pleading for the dew,  
Her head drooped down—How beautiful she was!—  
And then she faded from my dream, because  
My blinding tears I could not see her through.

GANELON.

WE have reason to believe that Mr George Grove will be invited to take a leading part in the management of the new Royal College of Music, with the title of "Director" of the institution. —*Times*.

MISS ROSA KENNEY, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Charles Lamb Kenney, announces her intention of reciting, among other poems, Tennyson's "Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava," at the Marlborough Rooms, on Tuesday morning, March 28th. Miss Kenney will be assisted by Mme Edith Wynne and Mr Charles Wyndham, together with other well-known artists; and we trust the numerous friends, as well as the many admirers of Miss Kenney's talent, will rally round her on this important occasion.

MR AND MME BODDA'S (Miss Louisa Pyne) "students'" concert, to be held at "Bonally" (Cambridge Gardens), the residence of the esteemed professors, on Monday evening, will interest not only "parents and guardians" naturally anxious to note the progress of their "belongings," who are pupils at the Academy, but also the public, as the programme includes two cantatas—Spohr's *God Thou are great* and Franz Abt's *Water Fairies*. The performance of these two works will be a test of Mr and Mrs Bodda's method of teaching, so much eulogised by those who have studied under them.

## DEATHS.

On February 24th, Mr GEORGE PERRY, Professor of Music (son of the late Mr George Perry, many years leader at the Sacred Harmonic Society, composer of *The Death of Abel*, and other oratorios), aged 63.

On February 26th, at Philadelphia, United States of America, MME ERMINIA MANSFIELD-RUDERSDORFF, formerly of the Royal Opera, Drury Lane, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

On March 13th, at Blomfield Crescent, W., MURIEL GERTRUDE, infant daughter of Marmaduke H. St John Robinson.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TURPIN L'ARCHEVÊQUE.—Bravo "Beppo"! Healthy tone. No more eye-droppings, starfish that gleam, dancing rocks, quails that quiver, &c.—Read Mark Twain's "A TRAMP ABROAD." Get a friend of the "softer" sex to hold your sides "what time" you are reading. The "Cyclus" is at hand. Then comes *Parsifal*.

EDINBURGH.—Next week. Cordial sympathy.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.

## Cambridge University.

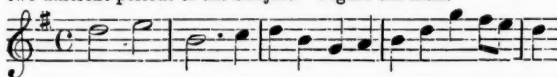
FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR  
OF MUSIC.

[Pills for Candidates.]

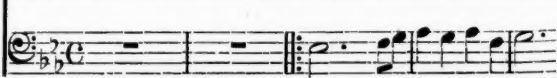
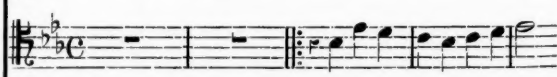
Thursday, March 9, 1882. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

## COUNTERPOINT.

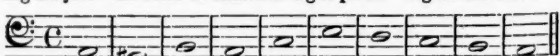
1. Write a Fugue in five parts on the following subject: The Fugue must comprise, after the Exposition, entries of the Subject or Answer, or a portion of either, in the keys of E, B, and A minor, and C major. It must have some points of Stretto, beginning at two different periods of the Subject. Figure the Bass.



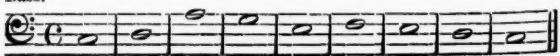
2. Continue the following as a Perpetual Canon for four in two in the octave. The Canon must comprise at least twelve bars within the repeat, and may have one or more free bars of Coda. Figure the Bass.



3. Add Counterpoint of the First Species for two Sopranos (not Trebles), two Altos, two Tenors, and a first Bass above the following subject—the score to consist of eight parts. Figure the Bass.

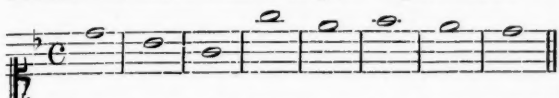


4. Write Counterpoint of the Second Species for Soprano, of the First Species for Alto, and of the Third Species for Tenor above the following subject—the score to consist of four parts. Figure the Bass.





5. Write Counterpoint of the Fifth Species for Second Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass below the following subject, having shorter notes in one or more of the moving parts against longer notes of the others—the score to consist of five parts. Figure the Bass.



6. Add three parts to the following strain to form quadruple Counterpoint. The score need be written but once, but statement must be made of how many inversions a quadruple Counterpoint is susceptible. State the name of the tune from which the extract is taken, and also that of its author.



7. Write answers to the following Subject and Countersubject, with their inversion at A, and to the two Subjects at B and C. State whether the Subjects are Real or Tonal; and if the latter, whether Authentic or Plagal.



8. Write the Subjects of the following Fugal answers at A and B. State whether the answers are Real or Tonal; and if the latter, whether Authentic or Plagal.



MDME ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF was so ill, we informed our readers, a short time since, that her life was despaired of. We regret now to state that she expired at her residence in Philadelphia on February 26th.

MDME SCALCHI, having paid Mr Gye £800 forfeit for breach of contract, has sailed for Buenos Ayres. Her place at Covent Garden will be filled by Mdme Trebelli, in association, it is reported, with Mdle Stahl.

## CONCERTS.

MR W. MACFARREN gave the second of his three orchestral concerts at St James's Hall, on Saturday evening, when the programme was as follows:—

Pastoral Overture (W. Macfarren); Concerto in C minor, pianoforte (W. Sterndale Bennett); Scena ed Aria, "Che faro senza Euridice," *Orfeo* (Gluck); Fantasia-Romantica, for violoncello (Piatti); Overture, *Leonora* (No. 3) (Beethoven); Symphony, in B flat (W. Macfarren); Song, "The Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" (violin obbligato, M. Sainton); *Lady of the Lake* (G. A. Macfarren); Overture, Scherzo, Notturmo, Wedding March, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn).

Mr Macfarren's overture and symphony had been several times performed; the first at the Crystal Palace; the other at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and both in the provinces. Admirably rendered by the exceptionally fine band which Mr Macfarren has the good fortune to conduct, the pieces again produced a favourable impression, the remaining orchestral works being rendered to perfection. The overtures by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and the scherzo by the latter, produced a special effect. The violoncello fantasia, of Signor Piatti, skilfully written for the display of rare executive powers, was given for the first time in London on this occasion, and played by its composer with that beauty of tone and finished execution in which he is unrivalled. Mr C. T. Speer played Bennett's fine concerto with much success, some signs of fatigue being apparent in the last movement. Mdme Patey was the vocalist. —D. N.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—Owing to want of space, we omitted in our last to notice that the first concert of the sixteenth season (sixty-ninth since the formation of the Society) took place at Langham Hall, the old quarters of the Society, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, on which occasion, in conformity with the rules of the Society, the first part of the programme was devoted to Schubert's compositions. The concert opened with his Trio in B flat, played by Herr Hause (pianoforte), Herr Poznanski (violin), and Herr Schubert (violoncello). The vocal pieces included "Schaefer's Klagelied," introducing Herr Korn to the members of the Society; "Gretchen and Spinnrade," sung by Mdle Mathilda Enequist; and "Serenade," by Miss Ronayne (zither accompaniment, Herr von Goutta). The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Mendelssohn's grand Trio in D minor, by the same gentlemen who played Schubert's trio; Mr Barrington Foote sang "Leaving, yet loving" (encored); and Herr Poznanski had to repeat his violin solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The members who appeared for the first time were Mdme Duncan, who was very much applauded for "Barney O'Hea," and Herr Korn, the new German tenor. The hall was very full and the concert a decided success. The second concert devoted to Schumann's compositions will take place at the same locale on Wednesday, the 19th April next.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The concert of last week consisted of a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, a work so familiar and rendered by singers so well known that slight record of the fact may suffice. The choruses were finely sung and produced a great effect, particularly "Awake the harp" and "The heavens are telling." Miss M. Davies gave the solo soprano music with much effect, particularly the airs "With verdure clad" and "On mighty wings." Mr E. Lloyd in the recitative, "In splendour bright" and the air, "In native worth," gained great and deserved applause; while Signor Foli's fine bass voice was heard to advantage in the solos, "Rolling in foaming billows" and "Now heaven in fullest glory." In the absence of Sir Michael Costa, M. Sainton again acted efficiently as conductor. Costa's *Elis* is to be performed at the next concert on March 31. —D. N.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 25, a *soirée* was given by Mr Lansdowne Cottell, at his new residence in Tavistock Square, to illustrate the attainments of the ladies and gentlemen who, as members of the above Conservatoire, are graduating under his instruction with a view, it may be presumed, to professional life. The *soirée* was well attended both by the friends of Mr Cottell and the pupils, besides others who were invited to witness and bear testimony to the excellence of the teaching and the promising quality of the results. The programme was necessarily of a mixed character, embracing, as it did, many kinds of vocal, pianoforte, and other instrumental music. The examples of the high class proficiency acquired by the students were several, and honourable mention may fairly be made of Mdle Eleanor Crux, Miss L. Gardiner, Miss Maud Spencer, Mdle Vollenweider, and Miss Emilie Dawson, who, in Smart's "Lady of the Lea," Bellini's "Ah nongunge," Nathan's "Why are you wandering," Masse's "Chanteuse volée," and Roedel's "Angus Macdonald," exhibited gifts in an instance or two of remarkable worth, and always, exemplifications of properly directed and effective singing. Mr Edwin Lilley, in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art

thou?" Mr C. Hetherington Smith, in Sullivan's "Distant Shore," and Mr S. Davis, in Handel's "Arm, arm, ye brave," entitled themselves to commendation on similar good and sufficient grounds. The principal pianoforte specimens on the part of the lady scholars were contributed by Miss Clara Blackburn, Miss Alice Gould, Miss Isabel Ruff, and Miss Sorrell, and with unequivocal success on all sides. Altogether, the performances at the concert were creditable from every educational point of view, and spoke well for the system of training and development pursued by Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and his professors at the "Conservatoire" over which they so diligently preside.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN AND MISS MARIE KREBS gave an interesting "recital" of pianoforte music on Wednesday afternoon, March 15, at St James's Hall. The programme, consisting entirely of duets either for two instruments or for four hands on one instrument, possessed a welcome aspect of novelty, and to the amateurs who were present it must have been one of considerable enjoyment. The pianists in question have long been acknowledged as "queens-regnant" in the domains of pianoforte playing, and any examples of "duet" music which might be confided to them for performance would assuredly be illustrated with the keenest mutual sympathy, and, as a matter of course, with all the technical perfection so often revealed to us at Mr Arthur Chappell's Monday and Saturday "Popular Concerts." All that we need do in referring to the present recital is to put on record the works which were performed by these excellent artists. The programme opened with Hummel's four-hand "Grand Duet," once so popular with pianoforte students and so instructive an illustration of a composer for the instrument, who scarcely deserves the desuetude into which he has fallen; Reinecke's Impromptu (two pianofortes) on a theme from Schumann's *Manfred*; a group of Schubert's fanciful and discursive "marches" (four hands); Mozart's melodious and captivating Sonata, Op. 53 (two pianofortes); Mendelssohn's graceful and vivacious "Allegro Brillante" (four hands); and Saint-Saëns' ingenious and supremely difficult variations on "a theme of Beethoven's" (two pianofortes). As regards the delivery of this varied and well-contrasted list of duo pianoforte pieces, it is unnecessary to make further remark than that the two distinguished artists associated with them won over and over again their best honours, and retired with the sincerest homage of all present who could fortunately listen to them with the requisite knowledge and appreciation.—H.

Miss Josephine Agabeg gave her third annual concert on Tuesday evening last at Steinway Hall in the presence of a numerous and brilliant audience. Miss Agabeg selected for her principal solo, Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor, of which she gave a thorough artistic reading. She also took part with Messrs Ondricek (violin), and Libotton (violinello), in Beethoven's trio in C minor; with Mr Ganz, in Thalberg's arrangement for two pianofortes on themes from *Norma*, and with Mr Libotton in Chopin's Polonaise for violinello and pianoforte, finally contributing Liszt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" as the termination of the programme. Mr Libotton earned a double call by his admirable rendering of a *sarabande* by Corelli, and a *tarantelle* by Popper, while Mr Ondricek received an encore for his clever performance of a mazurka by Wieniawski. Mr James Sauvage gave, with extraordinary energy, Gounod's well known song the "Valley," but failed to realize the fact that the little room in Seymour Street does not require the same expenditure of voice that might be necessary in Albert Hall. Mr Ganz conducted in his well known skilful manner, and also effectively assisted Miss Agabeg in the duet for two pianos alluded to above. Miss Emma Allitsen, Messrs Ernest Cecil and Cecil Treherne also took part in the concert; Miss Allitsen contributing "My Mother's Song," by W. Ganz, together with Professor Goldberg's characteristic setting of the verses made by Chadwick Tichbourne of himself in the Tower, the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn fields for treason, A.D. 1586, and Messrs Cecil and Treherne, Masini's duet, "I Mulatieri." L. K. T.

BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE.—The choir connected with this institution, under the direction of Mr M'Naught, a very well known and able teacher of the Tonic Sol-fa system, gave a concert on Tuesday evening, at which was performed Dr G. A. Macfarren's Glasgow cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*. We have not now to speak of the work in which the Cambridge Professor has so ably, and with such an abundance of appropriate local colour, illustrated Sir Walter Scott's poem. Its merits were acknowledged by us at the time of its first hearing, and there is nothing new to say, unless we express an opinion—the more decided because of the effect produced on Tuesday night—that it has been unduly neglected in London. A good thing, however, can afford to wait, which fact may comfort those who think well of *The Lady of the Lake*. The performance was chiefly of interest apart from its subject, as showing the capacity of Mr M'Naught's choir, a body comprising

130 voices, chosen with care, and only accepted after satisfactory proof of ability. On the whole, the choral singing was very good. As regards volume and quality of tone, something, no doubt, was left to desire; but precision, expression, the fluency which comes of confidence were pleasantly conspicuous throughout. It was evident that these East-end singers are thoroughly well taught, and no less, that they are apt pupils. The solos in Professor Macfarren's work were successfully given by Miss Larkcom, Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, Messrs Barton M'Guckin, Albert M'Guckin, and Hutchinson; the accompaniments being confided to Mr E. J. Turpin (organ) and Mrs M'Naught (pianoforte). A large audience attended and gave unquestionable proof of interest in the cantata, as well as pleasure in the performance.—D. T.

THE annual concert of the "Whitechapel Church Young Men's Association" came off on Wednesday evening, March 8th, in the large room, St Mary's Street. There was a very large audience. The Viscountess Folkestone gave her valuable aid and sang Wallace's "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," Sullivan's "Where is another Sweet, as my Sweet?" the old English air, "Cease your funning," and her own song, "It was a thorn" (violin *obbligato*, Mr Leslie), accompanied by herself on the pianoforte, and winning genuine and unanimous applause for each. The other singers were Misses Bessie and Emilie Webber, Messrs John Cornwall and Frank Holmes, together with a select choir under the direction of Mr James A. Birch (gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal). Misses Moore and Beard were the pianists, and Mr W. H. Leslie, violinist. They sang with effect Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair?" Eaton Fanning's "Vikings," Caldicott's Part-song, "Jack and Gill," and Macfarren's "Sands of Dee." Miss Moore played Brinley Richards' arrangement of the soldiers' chorus from Gounod's *Faust*, as well as Sydney Smith's *Huguenots*, and Miss Beard, formerly a pupil of the veteran professor, Mr W. H. Holmes, a caprice and a "Grande Marche Dramatique," Mr Leslie contributing the Marche, Musette, and Gavotte from Handel's Suite in D for the violin. The Misses Webber gained due applause for Glover's duet, "The Hawthorne Hedge"; Mr Cornwall winning approbation for his rendering of De Foye's "Tell her I love her so," and Mr Frank Holmes giving Weiss's "Village Blacksmith" with more than usual success (accompanying himself on the pianoforte), as well as Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding," in both exhibiting vocal qualifications that will bring him, with practice and perseverance, to the front rank of his profession. In the course of the evening Mr H. P. Matthews gave an amusing selection from his "Repertoire of Mirth and Music." —o—

#### PROVINCIAL.

MIDDLETON.—On Saturday evening a successful concert was given in the National Schoolroom, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the vestry of the parish church. There was a good attendance, the front seats being filled. The singers were Mrs Theo. Jackson, Misses Alice Walker, Brewster, and Read, Mr Wormell, and a glee party; solo pianist, Dr Horton C. Allison; and reader, Mr Ben. Brierley. Miss Walker, who made her first appearance in Middleton on the occasion, received a well-merited encore for "A Summer Shower"; Mrs Jackson sang "La Serenata," the effect of which was enhanced by the violin accompaniment of Mr F. R. Jones; the trio, "O Memory," by Miss Walker, Mrs Jackson, and Miss Brewster, met with hearty and prolonged applause; Miss Read contributed two songs with taste and feeling, and, being encored in Reichardt's "Thou art so near, and yet so far," repeated the last verse; Mr Wormell was called upon to repeat "England, freedom's home," but sang, instead, "Simon the Cellarer." Of Dr Allison's pianoforte performances we need say little, except that he fully maintained his high reputation as a master of that instrument, in the manipulation of which he has few equals in this part of the country. He gave with great effect an improvisation of airs from Gounod's opera of *Faust*, and, in response to an encore, played the well-known air with variations, "Home, sweet home."

MR WALLWORTH, the well-known and esteemed professor of singing, announces his benefit at the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Saturday morning, March 25, when an operetta from his pen, entitled *Kevin's Choice*, will be heard for the first time, preceded by a concert at which Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Redfern Hollins, and Mr J. T. Carrodus, the eminent violinist, will lend their valuable assistance.

It is reported that Gayarre, the Royal Italian Opera tenor, will go to the Teatro Nacional, Buenos Ayres, instead of Stagno. (*Credat, &c.*—Dr Blügel.)

## TONIC SOL-FA.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr Mundella, M.P., Vice-President of the Council, by Dr G. A. Macfarren, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music:—

SIR,—I am told it is contemplated by the Council of Education to authorize the use of the Tonic Sol-fa system of musical notation in elementary schools throughout the country, and, as I think strongly on this subject, I trust you will allow me to offer my carefully-formed opinion for your consideration. I think the system to be bad, because it hinders the acquisition of a sense of pitch, which is a most valuable quality for musicians; because it confounds the characteristics of keys, which have distinctly different harmonic derivation; and because many of its signs are so vague that persons familiar with the system often mistake them. I think it to be inconvenient, because it can only apply to music up to a very definite limit; because persons who have learnt from this system have greater difficulty to acquire the ordinary technicalities of music than those who begin to study the art from the standard notation; and because persons who can read only from this system are unable to participate in musical performances with those who read from the usual alphabet. I think the adoption of the system unjust, since imposing on the poor an expenditure of time and money which they can never turn to any practical account, and placing them at a disadvantage with the rich, who are able to read musical publications of all countries; whereas the use of this exceptional notation is confined to a sect in England and some of its colonies alone.—I have the honour to be, sir, faithfully yours,

7, Hamilton Terrace.

G. A. MACFARREN.

## A ROYAL VOLUME OF MUSIC.

An interesting addition to memorials of the late Prince Consort has been made by the publication, in one handsome volume, of a number of musical pieces from his pen. Although it is not stated that the forty compositions thus brought together are only a part of his Royal Highness's musical work, there appears to be good reason for thinking so. The Prince was devoted to the art, and fond of committing his thoughts to paper. Indeed, not long after he came to reside in this country so many pieces bearing his name were accessible that some ingenious persons conceived the idea of working them up into an opera, and were only induced to relinquish the project upon payment of a sum of money by the illustrious and alarmed composer. If the secret history of the present volume were written, it would probably appear that a selection has been made, under exalted auspices, of the Prince's best and most serious work; but, be this as it may, a large circle of amateurs will welcome the book, not only for what it is as music, but because it exemplifies the grave and earnest spirit of a man who truly loved the art; who, as his famous letter to Mendelssohn shows, knew how to honour artists; and who strove, as far as his abilities and manifold duties allowed, to be an artist himself.

The volume contains pieces that, in one form or other, are already known, such as "Morgengebet," the original of a psalm-tune called "Gotha"; the "Christmas Hymn," which has long had a place in collections of music for use in public worship; the *Te Deum*, and the cantata for voices and orchestra, *Invocazione all' Armonica*. But while its contents are not wholly unfamiliar, the book comes with enough of novelty about it to aid the interest of its origin in making up a considerable attraction. It begins with a number of songs to German words by Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg; by the composer himself, Von Kleist, Michael Beer, and others. In looking through these it is impossible not to see how the grave and tender nature of the Prince is illustrated by his choice of subjects. All the themes are poetical, and some display a vivid fancy; but there is a more or less obvious tinge of seriousness running through each. In this spirit the composer treated them. His music is most often sedate and measured of utterance. Occasionally it borders upon liveliness, but never approaches flippancy. Honest in all things, the Prince here exemplifies what was undoubtedly his own prevailing mood, and likewise his distinct conviction that art is a serious pursuit. The structure of the songs shows a certain homeliness, or, perhaps, conservatism of method. Into the new lyric world which Schubert opened up by the composition of his matchless *Lieder*—a world whither Schumann pressed, and Liszt, and Franz, and all the lights of modern song—Prince Albert either declined to enter as a matter of taste, or because he distrusted his ability to advance so far.

Hence we do not find that co-ordination of voice and pianoforte which sometimes in its impulse overshoots the mark and makes the voice subordinate. Rather is the pianoforte strictly limited to the province of accompaniment in the usual forms of full harmonies, broken chords, *arpeggios* of sedate movement, an occasional passage of *tremolo*, somewhat liberal use of chords in syncopation, and so on. Meanwhile the voice part has about it a good deal of the simplicity of the *Volkslied*. As a rule, its compass is limited; its character diatonic; its rhythm regular, and its phrasing studiously symmetrical. Here, then, clearly, is no lesson adapted for study in the "intense" school. These plain and simple themes, with their equally plain and simple harmonies, are the expression of one who found the ordinary resources of music sufficient for his purpose. Under the circumstances, perhaps, we should withdraw the word "ordinary" from the foregoing sentence, because the songs give us what most contemporary composers are frightened at and run away from—the "unadorned eloquence" of a diatonic theme. Than this there is nowadays nothing more extraordinary in the higher regions of musical art, which bid fair eventually to banish melody of any kind. The Prince Consort is nearly always happy in his themes. They seem to be the natural, unforced expression of one who sang as the poetic subject moved him to sing; and when this is the case, assuming that the composer really has a soul for art, the result is never without truth, and, consequently, never without charm. His Royal Highness once congratulated Mendelssohn, in a memorable sentence, upon preserving the true faith amid the "Baal-worship of false art," and we are bound to say that there are no signs of "Baal-worship" in these pieces—no cutting with knives, and leaping and shouting, no grimaces and distortions, in a vain effort to draw down fire from a godless heaven.

The *Invocazione all' Armonica* is, comparatively speaking, an ambitious effort, and fills thirty-five folio pages with solos and choruses, but the broad and general characteristics of the piece are precisely those which we have pointed out in the songs. The distinguished composer would not get out of his depth, though the temptation was great. Hence we find a grave and measured style, and a profound submission to the "tyranny of the tone-families." That the Prince could have ventured further with safety seems clear enough, after looking at one episode of a specially agitated character; but he chose to put his trust for the most part in the power of simple melody and massive diatonic harmonies. This is further exemplified in the *Te Deum*, some passages of which are decidedly felicitous, as, for example, the ascending sequence of keys on the verses beginning "The glorious company of the Apostles," and the really able treatment of the fine contrast between the "sharpness of death" and the opening of the kingdom of Heaven. All this is truly sacred and in the best taste. Points of considerable merit are obvious also in the *Jubilate* and the anthem, "Out of the deep," although in the second case the Prince, following many old English models, cut up his work into too many short movements. The "Christmas Hymn" and chorales, together with the melody for violin, which close the volume, call for no special remark, nor need anything further be said to recommend a book having a peculiar claim upon English amateurs as presenting the works of a man who ever used his exalted position for the good of the art he professed to love, and who, with a thousand claims upon his attention, not only found time for self-culture but for stimulating the development of others. We cannot conclude without acknowledging Mr Cusins' careful editing and the handsome manner in which the volume has been turned out of hand by the publishers.—D. T.

At St Petersburg, a new opera, *Snegourotschka*, by Rimsky-Korsakow, occupying five hours in performance, proved a failure.—After leaving St Petersburg, Mdme Sembrich proceeded to Moscow, where she was to sing seven times at the Italian Operahouse.

CINCINNATI.—The festival at Cincinnati was an immense success, both artistically and financially, the amount made being 100,000 dols., 40,000 of which was Mapleson's share. In speaking of the conductor, Signor Ardit, the press are unanimous in their praises. A local journal, writing about the festival, says:—"The orchestra is here of equal importance with the voices, and it may be justly said their performance during the week was admirable. Their amount of 'tone' was ample, the purity of intonation, for so large a body of instrumentalists was admirable, and the perfection with which they accompanied the vocal music placed the band, as an opera orchestra, on the same pinnacle of efficiency as the Thomas Symphony Orchestra. Signor Ardit has a mastery over the complexity of opera music, which is surpassed by no conductor and equalled by few. His intelligence seems to be omnipresent and every detail is infallibly watched by his quick eye and followed by his sensitive ear."—(Extract from a private letter).



## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last evening concert but one of Mr John Boosey's present series of Ballad Concerts brought together a large audience on Wednesday, at St James's Hall, the attraction, besides the accustomed singers at these entertainments, being the queen of lady violinists, M<sup>me</sup> Norman-Néruda, and a new patriotic song, by the Poet Laureate, entitled, "Hands all round." Mr Tennyson's stanzas are thoroughly to the purpose, as our readers will acknowledge on perusing the first of the three verses (subjoined) into which the sentiment of the poem is embodied:—

"First pledge our Queen, my friends, and then  
A health to England every guest,  
He best will serve the race of men,  
Who loves his country best!  
May freedom's oak for ever last,  
With larger life from day to day:  
He loves the present and the past,  
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

## CHORUS.

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound!  
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,  
And the great name of England round and round."

These lines, set to a melody (by an amateur, we are informed), "arranged by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford," were finely declaimed by Mr Santley, and well responded to, in chorus, by the South London Society. M<sup>me</sup> Néruda met with unanimous approbation for her performance of a "Sarabande and Tambourin," by Leclair (for which she was twice called back to the platform), a Cavatina by Raff, and a Mazurka by Wieniawski. At the conclusion of the Mazurka, the audience would not be contented until it was repeated. The other successes were Tosti's song, "For ever and ever," and Hatton's "Simon the Cellarer" (Mr Santley); Pinsuti's "I fear no foe" (Signor Foli); Blumenthal's "Sunshine and rain," together with Hullah's "Three Fishers" (M<sup>me</sup> Antoinette Sterling); "On the banks of Allan Water" (Miss Spenser Jones); a new song, "Uncle John," music and words by F. E. Weatherly (Miss Marian Mackenzie); and Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" (Mr Edward Lloyd); all of which were encored. Mr Sidney Naylor conducted with his accustomed musicianly skill. The last evening concert is announced for Wednesday next, and the last morning concert for Wednesday, March 29th.

## THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday night the extraordinary attractions now presented by these concerts led again to a crowded house and an enthusiastic audience. No result could have been more natural, which fact we are entitled to insist upon because previous familiarity with the same combination of talent may have dimmed public perception of its rare value. M<sup>me</sup> Schumann, the worthy bearer of an illustrious name, and the representative of a grand school, is a host in herself; but when to the charm of her pianoforte playing is added that of such a quartet as M<sup>ms</sup>. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, instead of wondering that St James's Hall is full, we marvel that the place is not by many degrees too strait for the throng of those who fain would enter. Monday's programme was one of much interest, notably because there figured in it a *Fantasiestücke* by Schumann, written for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and never before performed under Mr Chappell's auspices. The novelty of the piece may have aroused suspicion as to its merit, since it was reasonable to argue that a good work by such a master would long ago have obtained a hearing. We are not going to contend that, in the light of facts, the suspicion appears unreasonable. The composition, though full of interest, is not one of Schumann's best. It exemplifies a large number of his mannerisms, and presents but few of his characteristic beauties—that is to say, the chief ideas are frequently worked to death, without the relief afforded by the exercise of fancy; the violin and violoncello are properly treated only in one movement; and the *finale* is, in effect, little more than a string of episodes, having hardly other connection than that of contiguity. To this the excepted movement just mentioned is a valuable contrast. In form a duet for violin and violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, its graceful and melodious character won unanimous approval, to which result the exquisite playing of Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti contributed no little. Throughout the work prominence is given to the pianoforte, and, as may be supposed, M<sup>me</sup> Schumann took advantage of it not only to show her own executive genius, but her passion for the genius of her illustrious

husband. Notwithstanding the much-vaunted "higher development" of pianoforte playing, the one "prophet" of Robert Schumann is still Robert Schumann's widow. M<sup>me</sup> Schumann was further heard in Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 27)—a comparatively modest and easy work, familiar, perhaps, to every amateur present on Monday night, and certainly the intimate acquaintance of all those who most appreciated the simple dignity and perfect interpretative art with which it was played. Every such performance is a valuable lesson at the present juncture. It shows what a grand school was that in which Clara Wieck learned her lessons, and how far below it is the more modern academy which inculcates the virtue of muscular exercises and nervous spasms. M<sup>me</sup> Schumann's reception, and the applause she received at the close of her task, were enthusiastic and prolonged enough to warrant a belief that there are more than 7,000 in our Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal. But what chance, in the long run, has distortion against classic grace? Other features of the programme were Schubert's Quartet in D minor and Haydn's in G major—both of them familiar and esteemed. The vocal music had the attraction of Miss Santley's charming talent. Alike in one of Mendelssohn's most popular songs and in Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre!" the daughter of our eminent baritone showed herself worthy of the stock from which she has sprung. More tasteful, refined, and artistic singing not even an ultra-fastidious taste could desire.—D. T.

—o—

## SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At last, *Namouna*, the new ballet in two acts and three tableaux, book by M. Nutter, "choreography" by M. Petipa, and music by M. E. Lalo, has been produced at the Grand Opéra, but the result is not very satisfactory. M. Nutter was not as well inspired as usual when he wrote the book, which is certainly not characterized by thrilling interest, and turns upon the love of a fair slave, Namouna, for a young man, Ottavio, who languishes for some other beauty. The music does not aid the book. It is too uniform; deficient in dash, brilliancy, and, above all, action. Many of those who generally admire M. Lalo's compositions say that he has no idea what kind of music is required for a ballet. M<sup>lle</sup> Sangalli played the heroine. She was most charming, as vigorous as graceful, as clever a pantomimist as she is a marvellous dancer. The dresses, designed by M. Eugène Lacoste, are marvels of good taste and elegance; the scenery by those well-known artists, M<sup>ms</sup>. Lavastre and Rubé-Champeron, is quite worthy their reputation. Since the first night, several judicious cuts and alterations have been made and the ballet goes somewhat better, but it can hardly have a long run.—The Library of the Opéra was quietly opened, without any set ceremony, on the 1st inst. Writers on subjects connected with musical and theatrical history will find it rich in materials. Cards of admission are to be obtained on application to M. Nutter, Keeper of the Archives.—One of M. Vaucorbeil's leading artists, M. Lassalle, had a somewhat narrow escape the other day. As he was driving along the boulevard in his brougham, the latter came into collision with a street cab and was overturned, horse and all. Fortunately, no one sustained any serious injury.

On Friday, the 10th inst., there was an explosion of gas at the Opéra-Comique, an hour or two before the opening of the doors. Some gas-fitters, employed to do something to the meter, in the Rue Marivaux, carelessly neglected to provide themselves with the safety lamps they are bound to use on such occasions. The result was an explosion, followed by an outburst of flames, and but for the heroism of Fringuet, the gasman to the theatre, who, at the risk of his life, twice dashed through the flames to turn the gas off at the main, the consequences might have been most disastrous.

A three-act buffo opera, *Coquelicot*, has been brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens. The book, founded on a vaudeville written by the Brothers Cogniard and produced in 1836, is by M. Silvestre; the music, by M. Louis Varney, composer of *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*. The music is pleasing but not very original. The dresses and scenery are exceedingly splendid.

The biddings at the sale of the second portion of the Escudrier copyrights, &c., were far more brisk than at the sale of the first. *Aida* fetched 100,000 francs, the purchaser being M. Alphonse Leduc. M. Heugel & Son bought M. Ambroise Thomas's *Songe and Caid* for 40,000 francs, as well as Auber's *Gustave*. Verdi's *Ernani* and *Requiem* fell to M. Lemoine for 20,000 francs; his

*Don Carlos* and *Simon Boccanegra* to Ricordi, of Milan, at least, so it is said. Sig. Vianesi acquired *Jerusalem* for 7,000, and M. Kybourtz, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, for 6,100 francs. M. Bathlot gave 7,400 francs for Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* and *Rêve d'Amour*; 3,200 for *Una Follia a Roma*, by the Brothers Ricci; and 650 for *Pierre de Médici*, by Prince Poniatowski. Clapisson's *Gibby*, *la Cornemuse* and *Gastibelza*, Maillart's first work, were bought by M. O'Kelly for 350 francs. Arban's *Méthode* was adjudged to M. Leduc for 33,000 francs, and Bottesini's (for the Double-Bass) to M. Lemoine for 4,200. The total of the upset prices was 193,476 francs; the sum realized, 263,000.

#### A VISIT TO MAD. PASTA.\*

(To Monsieur Heugel, Director of the "Ménestrel.")

You ask me, my dear Monsieur Heugel, for a little narrative of my visit to Mad. Pasta. With all my heart. I eagerly seize the opportunity of gratifying one who knows so well how to be agreeable to others.

It was about 1858. I was on the point of setting out for Italy. Rossini said to me: "Go and see Mad. Pasta at her villa on the Lake of Como. I will not give you a letter. Mention my name, tell her yours, and you will be well received, for she is a good sort of woman." One morning, a few days later, I got into the little boat moored to the steps of the Hôtel d'Angleterre on the Lake of Como, and was conveyed to Mad. Pasta's villa. On my arrival, I gave the servant my card, and, following him closely to a tolerably handsome drawing-room, perceived, surrounded by two or three visitors, a stout homely woman, with thick black eyebrows, a slight moustachio, a red complexion, and regular features, buried in a large armchair, and very anxious to find her eyeglass, but very much embarrassed how to do so, as it was probably lost behind her back, and she greatly needed it to read the name on my card, for she was exceedingly short-sighted. I entered too soon for her to continue her search, and there she sat, with my card in her hand, without knowing who I was. I took advantage of this to have a little fun. At the mention of Rossini's name her face brightened up, and I recognised something of her whom I had so admired as Anna Bolena and Desdemona, in *Tancredi*, and as Aminta, in *La Sonnambula*. I turned the conversation to Italian music, in which I was at home, for, during three years, I had not missed, whenever I was in Paris, a single performance at the Théâtre Italien. I belonged to the category of passionate dilettanti; section of the fanatics. I began by speaking to her about herself and each of her creations. I discussed in detail the characters she gave the different personages, and the particular effects produced by her as actress or singer; I even mentioned several performances in which she had surpassed herself. As I spoke, I saw her glance sideways at my card in the hope of reading my name, while she thought: "Who can the man be?" So I went on, comparing her to Malibran, to Mdle Sontag, and to Mad. Pisoni, and endeavouring to define the talent of each. The more I spoke the more her curiosity increased, and the more she interrogated the accursed little card—which for her bad eyesight was mute. After a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes of my little exhibition of dramatico-lyric fireworks, I took my leave, and, jumping lightly into my boat, started on my way back to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. But, before I arrived, I heard behind me another boat coming along as fast as oars could urge it, and someone hailing me. On looking round, I saw it was Mad. Pasta's boatman. "Sir, Sir!" he said, "Madame is exceedingly sorry! She did not know who you were! She is coming to call on you directly." "By no means! By no means! I will go back to her." Half-an-hour afterwards, I re-entered her drawing-room, and she ran forward to meet me. "Ah! my dear friend" (we had never seen each other before), "you puzzled me nicely," she said. "But come, seat yourself there, and let us have a chat." Then I understood what Rossini's observation meant, and his observations always meant something, when he said she was a good sort of a woman. We do not see many such in France. We have a great many women who are good, but very few, especially among artists, to whom the designation, a good sort of a woman, is applicable. As much goodness as you can desire! But we seldom meet with *bonhomie*. With the fair artists of France, there is always a touch of coquetry, a something of the pretty

\* From *The Ménestrel*.

woman, and in this Mad. Pasta was utterly wanting! I could not credit my eyes. Was that the queenly being I had seen! Was all her nobleness of physiognomy, her beauty of attitude, and the sovereign grace, which Talma so admired, come to that! She looked like a worthy shopkeeper's wife. There was no studied elegance of dress; no defence against the attacks of age.

"You must know, my dear friend," she said, "that I get up every morning at eight o'clock, and then go and water my vegetables, only, as the grass is very damp, I put on boots, and," she added, laughing as though she would split her sides, "*I dress like a zouave*. . . . But all that has nothing to do with the question. We will, if you do not mind, talk a little about our art. I read in the papers of your writing Mad. Ristori a Medea that was very successful."—"I did so," I replied without false modesty, "and I am very glad of it."—"I, too, used to play Medea, in a piece written by Mayer; it was one of my finest characters. I should like to hear what Ristori did. In the first place what was her costume?"—"An antique costume designed by Scheffer from a Greek vase."—"Very rich?"—"No, very simple. It was rather sombre in colour, but very much spread out and full."—"And her head-dress?"—"Her hair."—"No diadem?"—"None! She had copied a Medusa's head from an antique medal, and a mass of hair, falling on each side of her face in close ringlets, resembled a number of small serpents. It was something terrible."—"I had a diadem, put together with great care and trouble. I introduced into it precious stones and metal plates, red and blue, to represent flames! I wanted, when I appeared, to look like a sorceress."—"Because your Medea was one."—"Of course, she was. And yours?"—"Mine was a woman and a mother."—"So was mine."—"Yes, but, as regards myself, resolutely putting aside car, magic wand, winged dragons, and invocations, I concentrated all my efforts in painting Medea's heart, with its fits of despair, of resentment, and of fury; only, to leave her her tragic and epic character, I did not make her a Greek, but a barbarian. I gathered, so to speak, round her figure and soul all the storms from the shores of the Black Sea; I made her a kind of priestess of the sanguinary divinities of Tauris."

Mad. Pasta listened to me with the deepest attention, as if endeavouring to reconstruct the new Medea. Suddenly she said: "My dear friend, will you do me a great favour?"—"Certainly."—"Read me the principal scenes of your piece."—"In French?"—"Yes, in French, but you must explain to me Mad. Ristori's intentions and the effects she produced."—"Nothing is more easy, for I have a copy which I brought to offer you, and I went through the part, syllable by syllable, so thoroughly with my admirable interpreter that I can give her to the life! . . . . Only, I make one stipulation."—"What is it?"—"Why, that when I have finished, you, in your turn, shall sing me some passages from your Medea."—"But, my dear friend, I do not sing any more."—"Well, you shall sing for me, as I will read for you."—"So be it, I accept."

I began. As I read, I described all Mad. Ristori's stage business, and sometimes even reproduced her intonations in Italian. In a word, I did all I could that my hostess might, so to speak, witness the performance. She followed me with impassioned intelligence, interrupting me from time to time for the purpose of saying: "I am sorry that I was not given that sentiment! It would have been admirable for singing." After I had read more than an hour, I stopped and said: "Now it is your turn."

She took her place at the piano. Scarcely was she seated and had commenced her air, before her face was transfigured! Her eyebrows quivered, her mouth was raised, and all her features assumed an expression of pathetic grandeur. The Pasta of other days rose up before me; it seemed to me as though she had been touched and metamorphosed by a magician's wand. And I was right. The magician was art! Every great artist grows young again in the presence of the God. I once saw a more than septuagenarian actor reappear in some special performance. His dash, high spirits, and animation were something wonderful.

He was thirty! When the piece was over, I ran to his dressing-room to compliment him; I found him tottering on his legs, with trembling limbs, and uncertain speech; he was a hundred! Mad. Pasta presented to my view the same process of rejuvenescence. Her voice, it is true, had grown weaker, the high notes were somewhat exhausted, and the execution was imperfect; but

there remained what we admire in some half-destroyed frescoes of Leonardo da Vinci, beauty of outline, style, emotion; and heard thus, quite close, her singing had about it something mysterious and indefinite, which enabled the hearer to dream what she who was called Pasta had been! I carried away a deep remembrance of it with me.

To complete our artistic entertainment, she took me to the end of her garden and showed me a small rotunda-shaped pavilion, where I perceived, placed in niches in the wall, six busts. They were those of the great female artists with whom she had sung: Grassini, for whom she professed real admiration; Catalani, Pisoni, Malibran, Sontag, and Mad. Damoreau. Recollecting that she had created Norma, at Milan, with Grisi as Adalgisa, I said: "I do not see Grisi." Why have you not put her in your little Pantheon?"—"Oh! *mio caro!*" she replied, with half a smile, marking thus, with a word, I might almost say an intonation, the enormous distance separating artists of the first rank from the most brilliant virtuosas of the second.

Such, my dear Monsieur Heugel, is a faithful narrative of my visit to Mad. Pasta, and I shall be happy if it amuses, for a moment, the readers of the *Ménestrel*. E. LEGOUÉ.

### WAIFS.

Joseph Wieniawski has left Paris for Brussels.

A Society for Classical Music has been founded at Perpignan.

*Lohengrin* has been well received at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The First Austrian Ladies' Quartet have been singing in Riga.

Hans von Bülow recently gave a "pianoforte evening" in Breslau.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* is in rehearsal at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Ciro Pinsuti's new opera, *Margherita*, is still performing at the Fenice, Venice.

Mdme Fursch-Madier has returned from St Petersburg, and was recently in Milan.

An Italian version of Johann Strauss's *Lustiger Krieg* is a success at the Valle Theatre, Rome.

Mlle Marianne Eissler, a young Austrian violinist, is in Paris, with the view to giving concerts.

Gounod's *Tribut de Zamorra* has been performed at the Teatro Regio, Turin, with moderate success.

It is said that Massenet's *Herodiane* will shortly be performed in Geneva and, somewhat later, Bologna.

Vizentini will, ere long, retire from the management of Italian Operas in St Petersburg and Moscow.

The Augsburg Municipality have selected Ucko, of Stuttgart, as manager of the Stadttheater, from next autumn.

Mad. Sophie Menter has been making an enormous sensation in Moscow. (Menter—Liszt, of course.—Dr Binger.)

Medini, the bass, has been compelled by indisposition, to cancel his engagement for the Italian operatic season in Odessa.

Mlle Bianca Bianchi selected *La Sonnambula* for her *début* at the Milan Scala. The "*cognoscenti*" were charmed with her talent.

Frank Kullak will carry on the New Academy of Music, Berlin, directed for so many years by the late Theodor Kullak, his father.

The Italian operatic season, under Ciampi's management, at Odessa, was inaugurated with *Lucia*. The second opera was *Il Barbiere*.

Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* is to be revived at the Milan Scala. The cast will include Mad. Borelli, MM. Mierzwinski, Nannetti, and Maurel.

The Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen has conferred on G. Lederer, "heroic Tenor" of the Stadttheater, Leipzig, the title of Chamber-Singer.

Müller-Kaunberg, formerly of the Ducal Theatre, Coburg, is engaged for five years in place of our own Schott, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Accounts from Liège speak in high terms of the *début* of a twelve-year-old pianist, named Flohr, pupil of the Liège Conservatory, and a native of Bonn.

Zumpe, conductor at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is engaged from the 1st September, in the same capacity at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Masini, the Verdi tenor, has been offered a three years' re-engagement in St Petersburg with a salary of 130,000 francs for each year.—(330,000.—Dr Binger.)

Mdme Krauss, in return for her co-operation in the performance, at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the victims by the calamity at the Ringtheater, has been created an Imperial Chamber-Singer to the Emperor of Austria.

Count Geza Zichy, the one-handed noble Hungarian amateur pianist, is making a concert-tour in Germany, and will devote the proceeds to charitable purposes.

Engel has secured the services of Mdme Schröder-Hanfstängl, *prima donna* in Stuttgart, and of Theodor Wachtel for the approaching season at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

On account of distinguished professional merit, Ernest Schuch, Court *Capellmeister*, Dresden, has had the title of Royal *Hofrath* conferred on him by the King of Saxony.

*Zoribal*, a new opera, words by C. Hofmann, music by Friedrich Wick, a member of the orchestra, has been given amid general approbation at the Court Theatre, Sondershausen.

At a concert for a charitable purpose, in St Matthew's Church, Leipsic, the programme included Handel's "Jubilate," Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and Johannes Brahms's "Triumphlied."

A lecture on the great German composers, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, was given by Mr Sinclair Dunn, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, under the auspices of the Manchester Tonic Sol-fa Council, in the Association Hall, Peter Street, on Wednesday last. Mr James Hindle was the accompanist. Excerpts from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn were very creditably rendered.

Since the public journals are apt to give advice and instruction to theatrical managers on the subject of precautions against fire, Mr Hollingshead is not perhaps unreasonably proud of the success which crowned the efforts of his staff to extinguish a fire on Saturday morning in the premises of our contemporary the *Morning Post*, caused by a rather alarming explosion of gas. As the flames were quickly communicated to the ceiling of apartments in the basement there seems some reason to believe that both the newspaper offices and the Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant, which form one block of buildings, might by this time have been in ruins but for the prompt assistance at hand. We learn that within about three minutes after the first alarm the Gaiety firemen, under the direction of Mr Talbot Smith and Mr Hartt, had connected the necessary lengths of hose with their powerful hydrants, and within ten minutes had entirely extinguished the flames.—M. T.

### THY WILL BE DONE.\*

In this wide world we all must bear  
Much bitter pain and vexing strife,  
There lives not one who does not share  
The sorrows of the human life.

It matters not if rich or poor,  
If noble or of lowly birth,  
Each one their burthen must endure  
Till death removes them from this earth.

How oft our projects are laid low,  
And all our brightest dreams depart,  
By means of some deep crushing blow  
That pales the cheek and breaks the heart.

\* Copyright.

When death from those we love doth  
sever,  
It gives to us the greatest pain,  
For it has parted us for ever,  
Ne'er on earth to meet again.

Yet let us strive with all our might  
That it be fully understood,  
Whatever God sends us is right,  
Whate'er He does is for our good.

So therefore, 'midst our grief and  
pain,  
Tho' oft with sorrow overcome,  
Let us with chaste'n'd heart exclaim—  
Thy will, O God! not ours be done!

EMILY JOSEPHS.

VIENNA.—Some time since, Ernestine Gindele, the well-known operatic singer, gave Stahl, broker and money-changer, 110,000 florins to invest in public securities. On her betrothal to Guillaume, wine-grower and merchant of Bordeaux, she requested Stahl to let her have her money back. Stahl then confessed that he had lost nearly the whole in speculations on Change, 17,000 florins, found at his office when searched, being all that was left.

MUNICH.—The attraction this week at the Theatre Royal has been Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*. *Das Rheingold* was given on the 14th inst.; *Die Walküre*, on the 15th; and *Siegfried*, on the 17th. The *Götterdämmerung* concludes the series to-morrow, the 19th. The work will be given at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, with all the Bayreuth scenery, dresses, properties, &c., by Angelo Neumann, on the 28th, 29th, 30th August, and 1st September.

STUTTGART.—The Association for Classical Sacred Music, under the direction of Dr Faisst, recently gave a Historical Concert with the subjoined programme: "Præambulum," Johann Maria; "Gloria," Josquin de Prés; "Improperium," Palestrina; Chorale, Jacob Prätorius; Song, Giacomo Carissimi; "Giacona," Dietrich Buxtehude; Song, Johann Wolfgang Franck; "Magnificat," Francesco Durante; Organ Concerto, Friedmann Bach; "Offertorium," Mozart; Psalm, Maximilian Stadler; "Responsorium," Eduard Grell; Recitative and Air from *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, Ferdinand Hiller; and Psalm, Mendelssohn.



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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

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GEORGE A. TYLER.

**LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).**

Grayspond, February 25th, 1881.

Mrs Coulson thanks Mr Coleman for the book and stamps, and she has no doubt but that "the tonic" is a good one. Mrs C. encloses twelve stamps for basket. Mr Coleman.

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1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and he peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro*.

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